

9. The Curse

Wandering alone
With my whittle and whetting stone
Sharpening my knife of bone
To carve out
A home

Trees dark
On the ash-grey sky
Overhead seabirds fly
Deep in the meadow
A tethered goat cries:

“This is home
Or this is as close as you’ll come to it
This is the closest you’ll come
This is as close as you’ll come to it
This is the closest you’ll come”

Here inside the garden
Forgotten stalks of last year’s growth
That I ever let you love me
That’s what I regret the most
That’s what I remember most

As I wander alone
With my whittle and whetting stone
Sharpening my knife of bone
To carve out
A home

But this is as close as I’ll come to it
This is the closest I’ll come
This is as close as you’ll come to it
This is the closest you’ll come

10. Epitaph

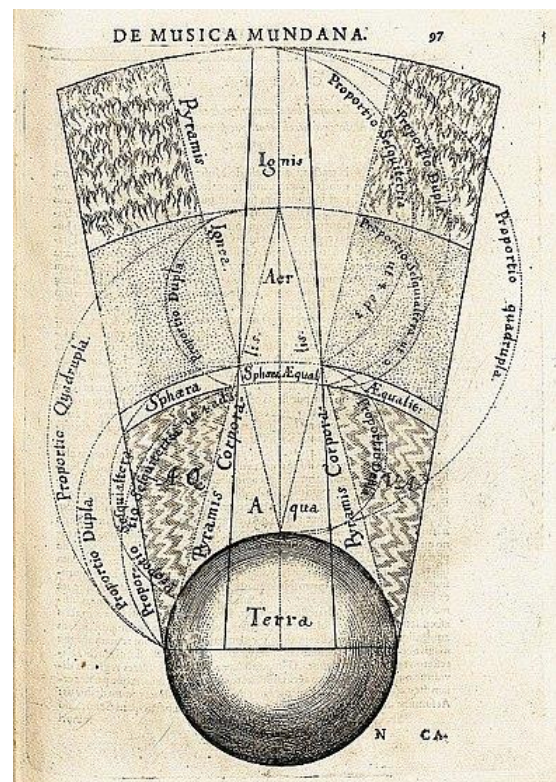
Look for me riding on the wind
From shore to distant shore, from skin to skin
I’ll be your breath and move you from within
For finally, I’ve slipped these earthly ties
And journey, unencumbered, through the skies

Look for me rising with the sun
And moving west with every hour that comes
I’ll warm your heart until we beat as one
From this high place all has come clear to me
Yes, far across the universe I see

I once was here
To flesh and blood was bound
A heart that beat; a mouth that issued sound
But now I’m free
Gone, but all around

Look for me falling in the rain
And every drop released will ease the pain
By running down to meet the sea again
For finally, I know why rivers flow:
To leave behind the loneliness they know

Look for me lying in the earth
And in her arms you’ll finally know my worth
Receiving death, but always giving birth
The elements of space will fuse and form
Then from my body will new life be born



This illustration is from *De Musica Mundana* ('On Celestial Music'), by Robert Fludd (1618). It shows the spheres of the four classical elements: earth (terra), water (aqua), air (aer), and fire (ignis)